The [illegible] Tale.

Undertakers Tale
1870's Fiction
Not usable

[illegible] suddenly upon [illegible], but wandered into it in a natural way — I & my pleasant new acquaintance. He said it "was about this way" — & began:

He read this one evening to an unresponsive Audience at the Farm

Toward nightfall on the 14th of January, 18—, I trudged into the poor little village of Hydesburg. I had walked far, that day; at least it seemed far for a half-starved boy of fifteen to have come. I had lain in a barn the night before, & been discovered & roughly driven away early in the morning. I had begged for food & shelter at three farm houses during the day, but had been refused. At the last place the children set the dogs on me & I was glad to get away with some loss of flesh & a part of my rags.

I was very hungry, now, & very tired. ~~[illegible]~~ The wounds made by the dogs were stiff & painful. I had been an outcast for a month & had fared harshly all the time. I was hopeless, now, & afraid to supplicate at any door.

The darkness drew on, the outlines of the village houses grew vague, the lights began to twinkle in the windows. The wind swept the street in furious gusts, driving a storm of snow & sleet before it. I stopped in front of a